

MY APRON DEARIE.

My sheep I negleeted, I lost my sheep-hook,
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook,
 No more for AMINTA fresh garlands I wove;
 For ambition, I said, would cure me of love.
 O! what had my youth with ambition to do?
 Why left I AMINTA? why broke I my vow?
 O! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 I'll wander from love and AMINTA no more.

Thro' regions remote in vain do I rove,
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from love;
 O fool! to imagine that aught can subdue,
 A love so well founded, a passion so true.
 O! what had my youth with ambition to do?
 Why left I AMINTA? why broke I my vow?
 O! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 I'll wander from love, and AMINTA no more.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
 Poor Shepherd, AMINTA no more can be thine:
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
 The moments negleeted return not again!
 O! what had my youth with ambition to do?
 Why left I AMINTA? why broke I my vow?
 O! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 I'll wander from love and AMINTA no more.

My Apron Dearie.

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Largo

My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook And all the gay haunts of my
youth I for - sook; No more for A - min-ta fresh garlands I wove, For am - bi - tion, I
said, would cure me of love. O! what had my youth with am - bi - tion to
do? Why left I A - min-ta? Why broke I my vow? O! give me my
sheep, and my sheep-hook re - store, And I'll wander from love and A - min - ta no more.